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ଆକାଶମଣି

मेमर



ମେମବ

ଆବିଷ୍କାରକ

ବୁଦ୍ଧାବସ୍ଥା

୨୩ ଜାନୁଆରୀ

୨୦୨୨







ଲେଖନ

ମୁଁ ଆମାର ଦେଖାନ୍ତି  
ଦୀପ୍ତ ଆଲୋକ ଶିଖରୀ,  
ତୁମ୍ଭେ ଓଁକାର ନିର୍ମଳିଆ  
ଓଁକାର ଆଲୋକ ଶିଖରୀ ॥

*My fancies are fireflies  
speaks of living light—  
twinkling in the dark.*

ଆମାର ଚିନ୍ତନ ମୁଁ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ  
ଅନିଶ୍ଚିତ କାଳେ ମୁଁ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ,  
ଚଳିତ ଚଳିତ ଯେତେ ସାଥୀ ତାର  
ଚଳିତ ଚଳିତ ମୁଁ ନିଶ୍ଚିତ ॥

*The same voice murmurs  
in these desultory lines  
which is born in wayside fancies  
letting hasty glances pass by.*

ପ୍ରକାଶନି ଶାନ୍ତ ଯେତେ ନା ଯାଏ,  
ବିକାଶ ଗମିତା ଯେତେ,  
ସମୟ ଯେତେ ସାଥୀ ଅଛି ଆମେ ॥

*The butterfly does not count years  
but moments  
and therefore has enough time.*

ହୃଦୟ ଓ ମନର ଲୋଭେଇଁ ଡଳି ବସୁ ନାହିଁ ବାମା,  
ସୁଖାୟ ଏବଂ ମୁଖର ସିନ୍ଧୁ ବାମ-ମଞ୍ଚ ଉଡ଼ି ଉଠା।

In the drowsy dark caves of the mind  
dreams build their nest  
with bits of things  
dropped from day's caravan.

ଭାବି କାଳର ଲୋଭେଇଁ ଡଳି ବସୁ ନାହିଁ ବାମା,  
ମାତି ଦିତି ମିଥ୍ୟ ବସୁ ଲୋଭ ଆମର ଉଠି ।  
ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ଉଡ଼ି ॥

My words that are slight  
may lightly dance upon time's wave,  
while my words heavy with import sink.

ମନୁ ମେ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ  
ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ।  
ନାହିଁ ଆଉ ଉଡ଼ି ବାମା ଉଡ଼ି,  
ଉଡ଼ି ବାମା ଉଡ଼ି ବାମା ଉଡ଼ି ॥

Spring scatters the petals of flowers  
that are not for the fruits of the future  
but for the moment's whim.

મૂર્ચ્છિત એ અમર જાગ્યા  
 કનેકાસેર હાથે ।  
 ઉડે જાગે મૂર્ચ્છિત જાગ્યા  
 મરે જાગે અમર ॥

My thoughts, like sparks,  
 ride on winged surprises  
 carrying a single laughter.

મૂર્ચ્છિત હાથે જાગે ઉડે જાગે અમર,  
 મે જાગે અમર, મૂર્ચ્છિત જાગે ॥

The tree gazes in love at the beautiful shadow  
 who is his own and yet whom he never can grasp.

અમર જાગે ઉડે-કિમ રેન  
 મૂર્ચ્છિત મૂર્ચ્છિત જાગે અમર જાગે ॥

Let my love, like sunlight, surround you  
 and give you a freedom illumined.

અમર મૂર્ચ્છિત જાગે રહે અમર જાગે હાથે,  
 અમર અમર જાગે જાગે જાગે જાગે જાગે ॥

Joy freed from the bond of earth's slumber  
 rushes into the leaves numberless  
 and dances in the air for a day.

ଅତଳ ଔଷଧିର ସିନ୍ଧୁ-ମାଧୁରୀ, ଶରୀର ଉନ୍ନତିତଳ  
ଦିନ ଲେଉଟିବି ବୁଦ୍ଧିମତ୍ ଅସଂଖ୍ୟ ଆଶିଷ ଗଳ ॥

Days are coloured bubbles  
that float upon the surface  
of fathomless night.

ଓଃ ଲୋକ ନୀଳ ଓଃ ନା ନାମ  
ମନ ଲୋକ ଓଃ କାବି,  
ହାତର ଓଃ ଓଃ କାବି  
ମନ ଓଃ ଓଃ କାବି ॥

My offerings are too timid  
to claim your remembrance —  
and therefore you may remember them.

ଆଶୁନ, ସିନ୍ଧୁ ଓଃ, ଓଃ ଓଃ ଓଃ ଓଃ,  
ଓଃ ଓଃ ଓଃ ଓଃ, ଓଃ ଓଃ, ଓଃ ନା ଓଃ ॥

April, like a child, writes hieroglyphics  
on dust with flowers,  
wipes them and forgets.

ନାମନିବି ଆଶୁନ ଓଃ ସିନ୍ଧୁ ଓଃ ଓଃ,  
ନାମନିବି ଆଶୁନ ଓଃ, ନାମନିବି ଓଃ ॥

From the solemn gloom of the temple  
children run out to sit in the dust.  
God watches them play and forgets the priest.

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ଆମାଟ୍ ଟନେ ହୁଲେଇ ଶେଉଁକବୀ,  
ଆମାଟ୍ ଟନେ ବାହା,  
ଦୌହାଟ୍ ଆମି ଚିରିନି ଦୌହେ ନିକାଟ୍  
ହାହୁଇ ହୁଇ ହାହୁ ।

White and pink oleanders meet  
and make merry in different dialects.

ଆମାଟ୍ ଟନେ ଶେଉଁକବୀ,  
ହୁଇ ଆମି ଆମି ହୁଇ ହାହୁ ॥

The sky, though holding in his arms  
his bride, the earth,  
is ever immensely away.

ହୁଇ ଆମି ହାହୁ,  
ହୁଇଲେ ଦିନ, ହୁଇ ଟନେ ଟନେ ଆମାଟ୍ ମିଶିଲେ ଆହୁ ।

One who was distant came near to me  
in the morning,  
and came still nearer  
when taken away by night.

ଆମାଟ୍ ଆମାଟ୍ ହାହୁ,  
ହୁଇ ଏ ଦିନେ ଆମାଟ୍,  
ହାହୁ ହାହୁ ହାହୁ ହାହୁ ହାହୁ ହାହୁ ॥

Wishing to hear a timed lamp  
great night lightens all her stars.

ଆମର ଶରୀର ଗତକାଳର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର  
ଆମ ମନର ହୃଦୟ  
ଗୋଟିଏକିତ ଏକା ଏକା ପଥର ଗୋଟିଏକିତ,  
ଏକାକି ପଥର ଗୋଟିଏକିତ ॥

Mind's underground moths  
grow filmy wings  
and take a farewell flight  
in the sunset sky till their hum is hushed.

ନିଦ୍ରାରେ ଶିତି, ଶିତ  
ନିଦ୍ରାରେ,  
ନିଦ୍ରାରେ ଶରୀର  
ବିନାଶି ।

ଅଟଳ ଶରୀର  
ଅଦୃଶ୍ୟ  
ଶରୀର ଶରୀର  
ବିନାଶି ॥

The lake lies low by the hill,  
a fearful entreaty of love  
at the foot of the inflexible.

ଓମିତ୍ ଦିଅଁ ଶେଷେ ତୁମ୍ଭ  
 ଶେଷେ ଆତ୍ମା-ହୀନେ ତୁମ୍ଭ,  
 କିନ୍ତୁ ମତେ କିନ୍ତୁ ଆତ୍ମା  
 ଶେଷେ ହେଉ ପ୍ରକଟ ହେଉ ॥

There smiles the Divine Child  
 among his playthings of unmeaning clouds  
 and ephemeral lights and shadows.

ଧର୍ମ ମେ ଶେଷେ ନିହି,  
 ନିହି ମେ ଶେଷେ,  
 କାଳେ ମୁଁ ମୁଁ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ନିହି ନିହି  
 ଏ କିନ୍ତୁ ଶେଷେ ॥

clouds are hills in vapour,  
 hills are clouds in stone, —  
 a phantasy in time's dream.

ଧନ ଧନେ ମୁଁ ଦିଅଁ ତୁମ୍ଭ  
 ମତେ ହେଉ ଦେଖାଏ,  
 ମାତ୍ର ଆତ୍ମା ତୁମ୍ଭେ ହେଉ ତୁମ୍ଭ  
 ହେଉ ଆତ୍ମା ହେଉ ॥

While God waits for his temple  
 to be built of love  
 men bring stones.

ଜିଆରୁ କହିଲ  
ହାତୁଆ,

"ତୋଆରୁ ତୋ କାହି  
ହାତୁଆ ।"

ଧ୍ୟାନି ନିବିଡ଼ ଜାହିନ ହିନିଡ଼ି  
ନିବେଗେନ ଦାଶି-  
ହାତୁଆ ॥

Wind tries to take flame by storm  
only to blow her out.

ଧୁହି ଡିବ୍ ଡାବ୍ ବିବ୍ ବିବ୍  
ଅଧୁଧୁ କବ୍ ଦାବ  
ଅତଳ ଅଧାବ୍ ଅଧୁଧାବ୍ ଗାବ ॥

The two separated shores mingle their voices  
in a song of unfathomed fears,

ଅଡ଼ାବ୍ ଦିବ୍ କାଲେନ ଧାବି  
ଗାବତଳ

ଆବୁବ ଡାବ୍ ଡାବ୍ ଦିବ୍  
କାବନ୍ କାଲେ ॥

God among stars waits for man to light  
his lamps.

କାନ୍ଦି ଗାଉ ଗାଉ, ଧୂଳି, ଆଖି ମାରି ସମୟ ଗୋଡ଼ା,  
ବିହରୁଣା ଲିମ୍ବ ଯେନ ସମୟ ମାରିବାର ॥

I touch God in my song  
as the far away hill touches the sea  
with its waterfall.

ନାନା ରଙ୍ଗର ଫୁଲର ଯେ ଡିଆଁ ଲିମ୍ବ ମାରି  
ସମୟ ଲିମ୍ବ ଯେନ ସମୟ ମାରିବାର ॥

Dawn—the many-coloured flower—fades,  
and the sun comes out,  
the fruit of the simple white light.

ଆଉଁସର ଖେଳ ବିହରୁଣା ଯେ  
ଅକ୍ଷର ଲିମ୍ବ ମାରି,  
ଅଧିକ ଆଲୋକ ବିସିଦ୍ଧ ଆଲୋକ  
ଠାଏ ଆଉଁସ ଡେଇଁବାର ॥

Darkness is the veiled bride  
silently waiting for the errant light  
to return to her bosom.

ହେ ଆଲୋକ ଧୂଳି, ଡାକି ଧୂଳିର ଖେଳ  
ନା ଯେଉଁ ଲିମ୍ବ ମାରି,  
ଏହି ଲିମ୍ବ ଯେ ନୀଳ ପ୍ରଭାତ ଲାଗି  
ଆଲୋକ ଲିମ୍ବ ମାରି ।  
My flower, seek not thy paradise in a fool's buttonhole

ଜୀବନ ଜୀବିତଲୋକାନ୍ ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ଲୋକାନ୍ ଗୋଟିଏ ମାତ୍ର  
ଏକ ଏକ କ୍ଷଣ ହେଉ ନାହିଁ ଯାଏ, ମରୁ ଧାଉଁ ସଞ୍ଚାରେ ॥

Life's play runs fast,  
life's playthings fall behind one by one  
and are forgotten.

ଜୀବନେ ଚଳିବୁ ତୁମ୍ଭେ ହୃଦୟରେ ଯାଆନ୍ତି,  
ହେନି ଯାଆନ୍ତି ତୁ ଯେଉଁ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ତମ୍ଭେ ॥

Thou hast risen late, my crescent moon,  
but my night bird is still awake to greet you.

ଆକାଶେ ଚାନ୍ଦିନୀ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ତୁମ୍ଭେ ଲୋକାନ୍ ଚାନ୍ଦିନୀ ଯାଆନ୍ତି,  
ଅନ୍ଧାର ଚାନ୍ଦିନୀ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ନା ଯାଆନ୍ତି ଲୋକାନ୍ ତୁମ୍ଭେ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ॥

Breezes come from the sky,  
the anchor desperately clutches the mud,  
and my boat is beating its breast against the chain.

ଆକାଶର ଲାଜ  
ହେଉ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ତମ୍ଭେ ।

ଆକାଶର ଚାନ୍ଦିନୀ  
ହେଉ ଯାଆନ୍ତି ତମ୍ଭେ ॥

The blue of the sky longs for the earth's green.  
The wind between them sighs "Alas."

କୀର୍ତ୍ତେ ଦୟା କରନ୍ତୁ, ଫୁଲ,  
ମନାହ ଧୂଳିକର ।  
ଭ୍ରମ ଯେ ତାର ବିଷୟ ଫୁଲ  
କରିଲ ଶୂନ୍ୟ ॥

Flower, have pity for the worm,  
it is not a bee,  
its love is a blunder and burden.

କାନ୍ତି ପ୍ରଦୀପ ଆକାଶରେ ଶବ୍ଦନା ନାହିଁ,  
ମାତ୍ର ମିଆଁ ଫୁଲ ମାତ୍ର କୋଇ ॥

The lamp waits through the long day of neglect  
for the flame's Kiss in the night.

ଦିବ୍ ଗୋଡ଼ି ଶବ୍ଦ ନାହିଁ ଶବ୍ଦନା,  
ଆଶା ଯେ ତାର ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶବ୍ଦ ନାହିଁ ॥

Day's pain muffled by its own glare  
burns among stars in the night.

ଆଲୋକ ଶବ୍ଦ ପ୍ରଦୀପ ତାର ଶବ୍ଦ ନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ  
ଶବ୍ଦ ତାର ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶବ୍ଦ ॥

My untuned strings beg for music  
in their anguished cry of shame.

ନିମ୍ନ ଶ୍ରାମେ ନିବିଡ଼ ଛାୟା ନିବି ନିବି ଅବ  
କଥାହିନ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରା ଶ୍ରୀ ଶ୍ରୀ ରାମ କବି ॥

In the shady depth of life are the lonely nests  
of unutterable pains.

ଆଲୋକେ ଗୋପାଳେ ଶାନ୍ତା ଦେବୀ ଶାନ୍ତାଗଳି,  
ସୃଷ୍ଟି ଗର୍ଭରେ ॥

Light accepts Darkness for his spouse  
for the sake of creation.

ଆଲୋକେ ସୃଷ୍ଟି ହୁଏ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ଶୁଦ୍ଧ,  
ହସି ଗଳି ଶୁଦ୍ଧ ॥

The picture — a memory of light  
treasured by the shadow.

ସୁଖ ସୁଖ ସବୁ ସମୟେ ଆଶୁ ହସ  
ପ୍ରୀତି ଓ ପ୍ରୀତି ସମୟେ ସମୟେ ହସ ।  
ସୁଖ-ସମୟେ ଦିନ ରାତି ଅବସାନ  
ପ୍ରୀତି ଓ ପ୍ରୀତି ସମୟେ ଅବସାନ ॥

In the bountious time of roses  
love is wine.

It is food in the famished hour  
when the petals are shed.

ଦିନ ହେଉ ଲାଲ ଗଡ଼ ।  
 ଖୁସିକିନ୍ତୁ ବରମ ନିଶିର ଶୌଖିନ  
 ଆସାଉ ଲାଗିଛି ହସଦୁ ଦୁଃଖର  
 ଦୂର ପ୍ରଜାପତି ପାଦ-ଧିର ଆମା  
 ଲାଗିଛି ଦୁଃଖୀୟ ଗଡ଼ ।

Through the silent night  
 I hear the knockings at my heart  
 of the morning's vagrant hopes  
 sadly coming back.

ଶୂନ୍ୟ ଶବ୍ଦ-ଲୋଭ-ହୃଦୟର  
 ହୃଦୟର ଶବ୍ଦ ହୃଦୟର ଲୋଭର ॥

By the ruins of terror's triumph  
 children build their dust castle.

ଶବ୍ଦ ଲୋଭର ଅନ୍ତର ଲୋଭର  
 ଶବ୍ଦ, ଲୋଭର ଲୋଭ ।  
 ଶବ୍ଦର ଅନ୍ତର ଲୋଭର ଲୋଭର  
 ଲୋଭର ଲୋଭର ଲୋଭ ॥

The cloud gives all its gold  
 to the departed sun  
 and greets the rising moon  
 with only a pale smile.

અનિત્ય માનવ દેખાય કીન  
 બહિષ્કારક ।  
 આશાએ ઉડાઈ અમરિત-  
 સિંદૂર નીચે ॥

Feathers lying in the dust  
 have forgotten their sky.

માનવ દેખે બેઠે, બેઠે નાચે ભરી,  
 તેને દુઃખ નાચે, સ્વપ્ન !  
 સૂઝે આશા જીવ - જીવે ઓંઝે !  
 સિંદૂર તેને અનિત્ય ॥

I lingered on my way  
 till thy cherry tree lost its blossoms,  
 but the azalea brings to me, my love,  
 thy forgiveness.

માનવ અનિત્ય દેખાય કીન  
 અનિત્ય અનિત્ય કીન બુદ્ધિ ।  
 ઓંઝે ઓંઝે ઓંઝે, ઓંઝે અનિત્ય  
 સિંદૂર ઉડાઈ કીન ॥

The shy little pomegranate bud,  
 blushing today behind her veil,  
 will burst into a passionate flower  
 tomorrow when I am away.

ହେ ସହସ୍ରାକାର ବିମାଦର ଲୋଭ ଦିଅ  
ଭୁଲାଇ ଚାହିଁବି କିଛି ଧାରାହୀନ ।  
ସିତା/ ଡାକାର ଡାକର ଡାକନ ଗାମି  
ହୁଆହୁମେ ମାଧ୍ୟ ଡାକ ଆଉ ଡାକ ॥

The sea of danger, doubt and denial  
around men's little island of certainty  
challenges him across into the unknown.

ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ନଗନ ଦିନା ଚା  
ନଗନ ଗଗନ ନଗନ ଦିନା ଚା ॥

The same sun is newly born in new lands  
in a ring of endless dawns.

ଗୋନାଗି ମେ ଦୂର ନୂଆ ଗଗନ,  
ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ॥

The glow worm while exploring the dust  
never knows that the stars are in the sky.

ମର ଗଗନ ଗଗନ  
ମର ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ।  
ମର ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ଗଗନ ॥

God honours me when I work,  
he loves me when I sing.

ଏକଟି ଫୁଲ ଦାନି  
 ଏକେହିନୁ ଦିବ ଦାନି,  
 ହାଏ ତୁମି ତାତ ଅସନ୍ତ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରାମି,  
 ଧନ୍ୟ, ଓହ୍ନି ଧନ୍ୟ ତୁମି ॥

I came to offer thee a flower,  
 but Thou must have all my garden.  
 It is Thine.

ବସନ୍ତ, ତୁମି ଏକାକି ସେବାସ  
 ଦୁଇ ହଳ ନାଏ ଧୂଳି ।  
 ଏକେ ଧନ୍ୟ ତାତ ଜୀବି ମାୟାସ  
 ଏକଟି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ॥

Spring in pity for the desolate branch  
 left one fluttering kiss in a solitary leaf.

ଚାହିଁବା ଧୂଳି ତାତ ନୟନ  
 ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ।  
 " ଚାହିଁବା ଧୂଳି ତାତ ନୟନ "   
 ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ॥

While the Rose said to the Sun  
 "I shall ever remember thee"  
 her petals fell to the dust.

આશાના જો આંધ્રિ વાંધિ નાઈ, ભાઈ  
ઉડિંકાર હૈં કિંદામં ।  
ત્યુ, ઉડિંદિનું એ ભાઈ કેળ્લામ ॥

I leave no trace of wings in the air,  
but I am glad I had my flight.

ભાઈક દુધા વનેરે તને  
આભાર, ~~જાણે~~ જાણેવામ ।

મારો એ રંગ પૂલેરે રાત,  
પૂલે એ રંગે રાત ॥

The shy shadow in the garden  
loves the sun in silence.  
Flowers guess the secret and smile,  
while the leaves whisper.

આશાનું જાણું જાણું  
ચિંતીએ એ રાત્રિનું કાલ  
અનંતીએ જાણું એ રાત્રિ  
એ રાત્રિ એ રાત્રિ ॥

God watches with the same smile  
the single night of a firefly  
as the age-long nights of a star.

ହୁଆନା ପଦିବା ଯେନେ ମହାପ୍ରଭେ ଯିବି  
ତୁ ବିନି ଧରିଆମ୍ ଅବିଚଳ ଗିରି ॥

The mountain remains unmoved  
at its seeming defeat by the mist..

ମହାପ୍ରଭେ ଆଗାମୀ ଯେନେ ଧରିଆମ୍ ନା ଧରିବି,  
ଆଗାମୀ ଧରିବି ତୁ ଧରିବି ମୁହିଁ ତୁ ଧରିବି ॥

Hills are the silent cry of the earth  
for the unreachable.

ଅବିଚଳ ହୁଆନା ଦିନେଦିନେ, ଧରି,  
ଧରିବି ତୁ ଧରିବି ତୁ ଧରିବି ॥

ତୁ, ମୁହିଁ, ଧରିବି ତୁ ଧରିବି  
ଧରିବି ନିଶ୍ଚୟ ॥

Though the thorn pricked me in thy flower  
O Beauty,  
I am grateful.

ହେ ବନ୍ଧୁ, ଧରିବି ତୁ ଧରିବି ତୁ ଧରିବି,  
ଧରିବି ତୁ ଧରିବି ତୁ ଧରିବି ॥

Let not my love be a burden on you, my friend,  
Know that it pays itself.

મન્ય એક સમય નહ, વધારે સખિ હૃદય ।  
 દુઃખિનીન આસર સખિ રિદલેસર હૃદય ॥

*The world ever knows*

*that the few are more than the many.*

મંત્રીત-યસ્ય મત્ત ભાસ ચિદ્ગતી  
 સોમ્યેત્તમ્ય ભાસ કાઠ શમિમનિ ॥

*Truth smiles in beauty when she beholds her face  
 in a perfect mirror.*

અમિ જાનિ ભાસ પૂનમ્ભવિ પૂજા રસ  
 ના-જાનિ ભાસ પૂજા પૂજા મંત્રિ ॥

*I see an unseen kiss from the sky  
 in its response in my rose.*

સુદુર ભાસ રક્ત આસર ભાસ,  
 મૂલ્ય મિત્રા, જાનના મુદ્ધર ॥

*In the swelling pride of itself  
 the bubble doubts the truth of the sea  
 and laughs and bursts into emptiness.*

વિદિહ પ્રદીપ સ્વપૂર્ણ વિદ્યમગ્નિ  
ધિલિહ મુગ્ધિ વિદ્યોત્સૌહર્યગ્નિ ॥

Thou hast left thy memory as a flame  
to my lonely lamp of separation.

ભાષ્ય મંત્ર વિભાવ કરે  
અંતરે સ્માધાભાસ ।  
જ્વાલિતે જ્વાલિ વિભાવે જાગે  
મૃત્યુ મિત્રાભાસ ॥

My clouds sorrowing in the dark  
forget that they themselves  
have hidden the sun.

જિહ્વાભાસ કરે જાગે "માત્ર" રાત્રિ મંત્રાભાસ ભરત  
માત્રે મહામાત્ર માત્રાભાસ અંતરે ભરત ॥

Man discovers his own wealth  
when God comes to ask gifts of him.

ગુપ્તિ માત્રાભાસ રાત્રિ જાગે મહામાત્ર ।  
રાત્રિ માત્રાભાસ ગુપ્તિ મિત્રાભાસ ભરત ॥

The reed waits for his master's breath,  
Master goes seeking for his reed.

ସିଂହ ଲଘିନ ପ୍ରଥମ କାଶିନ  
ହୁମୁସବନ

ଲଘିନ ଶମାନ୍ତ ଅମାର ମାତର

ବିସନ୍ନ ॥

The first flower that blossomed on this earth  
was an invitation to me to sing.

ହିତେଶୀର ସ୍ୱାର୍ଥହୀନ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ଓ  
ବିଚାରୀର ମରତ୍ୟୁ କାହାକୁ ଚିନ୍ତା ॥

The world suffers most from the disinterested  
tyranny of its well-wisher.

ସ୍ୱଳ୍ପ ଅନ୍ତର ମରତ୍ୟୁର ମହାମୁଦ୍ରା  
କିନ୍ତୁ ଲୋକ ମୁକ୍ତି ପାଇଁ ଅନ୍ତରାଳକୁ ଚିନ୍ତା କରନ୍ତି ।

The world is the ever changing foam  
that floats on the surface of a sea of silence.

ନୟନର ମୁକ୍ତି ମଧ୍ୟ ନିଜ ନିଜ  
ଅନ୍ତରାଳକୁ ଚିନ୍ତା କରନ୍ତି ॥

We gain freedom when we have paid  
the full price for our right to live.

ଲୌହୀୟ ଶକ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟତ୍ର ଲାଗିବେ ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ ହେବେ,  
କାରଣ ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତି ହେବ ନାହିଁ ॥

The clumsiness of power spoils the key  
and uses the pickaxe.

ଶକ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟତ୍ର ଲାଗିବେ ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ ହେବେ,  
କାରଣ ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତି ହେବ ନାହିଁ ॥

ଶକ୍ତି ଅନ୍ୟତ୍ର ଲାଗିବେ ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ ହେବେ,  
କାରଣ ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତି ହେବ ନାହିଁ ॥

Birth is from the mystery of night  
into the greater mystery of day.

ଜନ୍ମ ରାତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର  
ଜନ୍ମ ରାତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର  
ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତିର ॥

Migratory songs from my heart are on wings  
seeking their nests in love's voice in thee.

ସ୍ଥାନାନ୍ତରୀୟ ଗୀତମାନଙ୍କୁ ମୋର ହୃଦୟ  
ଅନ୍ୟତ୍ର ଲାଗିବେ ଶକ୍ତିହୀନ ହେବେ,  
କାରଣ ଶକ୍ତିକୁ ଶକ୍ତିର ଶକ୍ତି ହେବ ନାହିଁ ॥

Four moments' candles gifts,  
like the meteors of an autumn night  
catch fire in the depth of my being.

କେବଳ କାଳକାଳେ ଦେଖାଏ ଲୋକେ ଚନ୍ଦ୍ରମା ଚନ୍ଦ୍ର ଧ୍ୟାନ ଭାବେ  
ବହିଷ୍କାର ଆସନ୍ତେ ଏକାକୀ ଦିବସେ ଏକମାତ୍ର ଦେଖାଏ ଲୋକେ ॥

My paper boats sail away in play  
with the burden of my idle hours.

ଏକାକୀ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଚଳୁଥାନ୍ତେ କାଳକାଳେ ଆସିବା ଯାଏ  
ସିନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଚଳୁଥାନ୍ତେ ।

ଆସନ୍ତେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଚଳୁଥାନ୍ତେ କାଳକାଳେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଚଳୁଥାନ୍ତେ,  
କେବଳ କାଳକାଳେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ॥

Spring hesitates at winter's door,  
but the flower ~~the~~ quickly runs out to him  
and meets her doom.

ସେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ,  
କେବଳ କାଳକାଳେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ।

ସେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ,  
କେବଳ କାଳକାଳେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ॥

Love punishes when it forgives  
and the injured beauty by its awful silence.

କେବଳ କାଳକାଳେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ଧ୍ୟାନେ ।  
ଅମୃତେ ଅମୃତେ ଅମୃତେ ଅମୃତେ ଅମୃତେ ॥

God's world is ever renewed by death  
a Titan's ever crushed by its own existence.

ହେଉ ଖରାପ ଆତ୍ମନିବି, ସୁଖ ମେହି ଏତି ସୁଖଦନ,  
ଆଦିବ ସିନ୍ଧୁ ନଦୀ ମେହି ଆତ୍ମ ନିବି ନଦୀ ॥

The tree is of today, the flower is old.  
She brings with her the message  
of the immemorial seed.

ହେଉ ଖରାପ ଆତ୍ମନିବି, ସୁଖ ମେହି ଏତି ସୁଖଦନ,  
ଆଦିବ ସିନ୍ଧୁ ନଦୀ ମେହି ଆତ୍ମ ନିବି ନଦୀ ॥

My love of today finds herself homeless  
in the deserted nest of the yesterday's love.

ଆଜି ତୋର ନିଜ ଘର ଖାଲି ଅଛି  
କିନ୍ତୁ ତୋର ଆଜି ତୋର ଘର ॥

Each rose that comes brings me greetings  
from the Rose of an eternal spring.

ହେଉ ଆଜି ତୋର ନିଜ ଘର ଖାଲି ଅଛି  
କିନ୍ତୁ ତୋର ଆଜି ତୋର ଘର ॥

The fire of pain traces for my soul,  
a luminous path across her sorrow.

କେବେ ଧରେ ଧାଃ ଏକା ହୁଏ  
 ଆକାଶର ନୀଳିଆର ବାଟ ଘୋରା ଧାଏଁ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ।  
 ଟାମ ଟାମ ବାଜାମ ବାଜାମ  
 ଜଳାର ଆଧାମ ବାଟ ଗିରିଧିଆ ଡେଇଁ ଶାମ ଶାମ ॥

Since thou hast vanished from my reach  
 I feel that the sky carries an impalpable touch  
 in its blueness,  
 and the wind the invisible image of a movement  
 among the restless grass.

ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ଧାଏଁ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ ଧାଏଁ ହୁଏ ହୁଏ  
 ଟାମ ଟାମ ବାଜାମ ବାଜାମ ଶାମ ଶାମ ॥

Dawn plays her lute before the gate of darkness  
 till the sun comes out and sees her vanish.

ଗିରିଧି ଡେଇଁ ଶାମ ଶାମ  
 ଜଳାର ଆଧାମ ବାଟ ଗିରିଧିଆ ଡେଇଁ ଶାମ ଶାମ ।

The dewdrop kisses the sun only within its own tiny orb.

ଜଳର ଧୂଳି ଗିରିଧିଆ ଡେଇଁ ଶାମ ଶାମ  
 ଜଳର ଧୂଳି ଗିରିଧିଆ ଡେଇଁ ଶାମ ଶାମ ॥

The desert is imprisoned in the wall  
 of its unbounded barrenness.

ସୌର ଧଉ ଅଗ୍ନି ହୁଅକାଳ ଗିଳାଉ ଥୁଲ;  
ସୁଦୃଶ ହୁଅ ଥୁଲ ଥୁଲ ॥  
The earth's sacrificial fire flames up in her trees  
scattering sparks in flowers.

ଧୂଆଁରେ ଦିଗଇ ମାୟା  
ଆକାଶ ହୁଅଇ ତମେ ନାହିଁ ଅବଶ୍ୟକ କାହାଣୀ ॥

The sky tells its beads all night  
on the countless stars  
in memory of the sun.

ଦିବେ ଦିବେ ମାତ୍ର କାହାଣୀ ଦିବେ ସବୁଦିନ ମାତ୍ର ।  
ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ମେ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ଗିଳି ଦିଗଇ ଧଉ ହୁଅ ଧଉ ॥

My work is rewarded in daily wages,  
I wait for my own final value in love.

କାହାଣୀ ଦିବେ ସବୁଦିନ ଗିଳି ଧଉ ନାହିଁ ।  
ମୃତ୍ୟୁ ମେ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ଗିଳି ଧଉ ଧଉ ନାହିଁ ॥

ଆଲୋକ ମାତ୍ର ମେ ଅନ୍ତରାଳ ଧଉ,  
ମେ ନା ହୁଅ ॥

The darkness of night is in harmony with day, —  
the morning of mist discordant

ସିନ୍ଧିଆ ମାଝା ଧୁଳି ମାଝି କାନ୍ଧି ଡାକ କାନ୍ଧି -  
 "ମାଝା ମାଝା, କାନ୍ଧି, ମାଝି ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି?"

An unknown flower in a strange land  
 speaks to the post:  
 "Are we not of the same soil, my lover?"

ସୁନ୍ଦର ଗନ୍ଧେ ଥିବା ଗନ୍ଧ  
 ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି ।  
 ଥିବା ଗନ୍ଧେ ଥିବା ଗନ୍ଧେ ମାଝା  
 ଥିବା ଗନ୍ଧେ ଥିବା ॥

The worm thinks it strange and foolish  
 that man does not eat his books.

ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି ?  
 ଥିବା ଗନ୍ଧେ ଥିବା ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି !

The greed for fruit misses the flower.

ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି ;  
 ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି ମାଝା କାନ୍ଧି କାନ୍ଧି ॥

The clouded sky today bears the vision  
 of a divine shadow of sadness  
 on the forehead of brooding eternity.

સૂર્યાસ્તરૂપે વાટા રંગે લેખ પાંજિરે પડે,  
આંસુ રંજીતે ગાથા દિલિત રાગમાં કરતલ ॥

Flushed with the glow of sunset  
earth seems like a ripe fruit  
ready to be harvested by night.

પ્રકાશમાં પણ અવસાન  
જાણાવતી રાત્રી કરતલ ॥

મૂવેલો મધ જાણેલા  
મૂંઝા મૂંઝા મૂંઝા ~~મૂંઝા~~ મૂંઝા ॥

The butterfly has the leisure  
to love the lotus,  
not the bee busily storing honey.

મધામધ દિવસે જીવનમાં કરતલ  
પ્રકાશમાં પાંજિરે પડે,  
અંધ કંઈયે રંગી રંગે લેખ ગરબ ॥

The mist weaves her net round the morning  
captivates him and makes him blind.

મધામધ મધ રંગે સૂર્ય-ગરબ મધ કરતલ  
અંધાંશમાં આંખ ॥

કેવળ જાણ, "જાણ, મહે જાણ ॥"

The morning star whispers to Dawn:

"Tell me that you are only for me."

"Yes," she answers, "and also  
only for that nameless flower."

ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ସୁଖ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ,

ହେଉ ନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ

ଅମିତ ହେଉ ଅମିତ ॥

The ~~earth~~ sky remains infinitely vacant  
for earth to build there its heaven  
with dreams.

ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି ନାହିଁ ସୁଖ, ନାହିଁ କିନ୍ତୁ ନାହିଁ,  
ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି କିନ୍ତୁ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ  
ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ  
ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ॥

Beauty smiles in the confinement of the bud,  
in the heart of a sweet incompleteness.

ସୁଖକାଳି ସୁଖକାଳି,

ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ଅମିତ

ଅମିତ ଅମିତ ॥

Leaves are masses of silence  
round flowers which are their words.

ଦିନର ଅନ୍ଧାର ମଧ୍ୟାହ୍ନ ଅନ୍ଧାର କାର ତର  
ତାର ତାର ମାନବିୟତା ॥

Let the evening forgive the mistakes of the day  
and thus win peace for herself.

ଅନ୍ଧାରମୟେ ମଧ୍ୟ ଅନ୍ଧାର ତର ।  
ମାନବିୟତା ତାର ମାନବିୟତା ॥

Love attracts and unites,  
Power binds with chains.

ମହାଶକ୍ତି  
ବନ୍ଧନର ଅନ୍ଧାର ।

ଯେ ମାନବିୟ  
ଅନ୍ଧାରମୟେ ॥

The tree bears its thousand years  
as one large majestic moment.

ମାନବ ଅନ୍ଧାରମୟେ ଶକ୍ତି ମଧ୍ୟ,  
ମାନବ ଅନ୍ଧାରମୟେ ମାନବିୟତା ॥

My offerings are not for the temple,  
at the end of the road,  
but for the wayside shrines  
that surprise me at every bend.

ଅଜାଣା ଧୂଳିର ଗାନ୍ଧିର ଖବର  
 ତାହାର ହାସିର, ଲୁହ,  
 ଧରଣ, ଧୂଳି, କି ଅନିବୃତ୍ତନୀୟ ॥

Your smile, love,  
 like the smell of a strange flower,  
 seems simple  
 and yet inexplicable.

ହୃଦୟ ଧଡ଼ି ଶବ୍ଦର ସିନ୍ଧୁ ଧୂଳି,  
 ଧରଣର କି ଧୂଳି ଧରଣ ଧଡ଼ି ଶବ୍ଦର ॥

Death laughs when we exaggerate  
 the merit of the dead,  
 for it swells his store  
 with more than he can claim.

ମାରିବ ଧୂଳିର ମାରିବ ଧୂଳିର ମାରିବ  
 ଧୂଳିର ଧୂଳିର ଧୂଳିର ଧୂଳିର ॥

The sigh of the shore follows in vain  
 the breeze that hastens the ship  
 across the sea.

ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି  
 ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ଧୂଳି ॥

Truth loves its limits,  
for there she meets the beautiful.

નરેશ્વર દુઃખ ભરે નર નર મુદ્ધરે નારે,  
આત્મ મુદ્ધરે નારે આત્મ આત્મ મારે મારે ।  
ઔશ્વર્ય અશ્વર્ય દુઃખ, લલિત, ભાવ અશ્વર્ય મારે,  
સિદ્ધ મુદ્ધરે, કાલ કલ, ભાવ સિદ્ધ ॥

The Eternal Dance dances  
in the flower in spring,  
in the harvest in autumn,  
in thy limbs, my child,  
in thy thoughts and dreams.

દિન રાત્રી આ આત્મરૂપ  
નિરંતર આત્મરૂપ —  
સિદ્ધિદાયક મુદ્ધરે સિદ્ધિદાયક કલ ॥

Day offers to the silence of stars  
his golden lute to be tuned  
for the endless light.

અહિં આત્મરૂપ  
આત્મરૂપ આત્મરૂપ નર રૂપે "આત્મ" રૂપે કલ ॥  
Faith is the bird that feels the light  
and sings when the dawn is still dark.

ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ଦିନର ମାତ୍ର ବିକ୍ରି ହେଲା ଖଲି ଖଲି ଗାଢ଼  
 ନୟନର ସାମନା କାରୁଣ୍ୟ ।

~~ସନ୍ଧ୍ୟା ଦିନର ମାତ୍ର ବିକ୍ରି ହେଲା ଖଲି ଖଲି ଗାଢ଼~~  
 ଗାଢ଼ି ଗାଢ଼ ଅଳ୍ପକାରୀ ବୃତ୍ତ ହେବା ପୁନଃ ଗାଢ଼ି ଦିଅ  
 ପ୍ରକାଶର ନବୀନ ଅନୁଭବ ॥

The day's cup that I have emptied  
 I bring to thee, Night,  
 to be cleaned with thy cool darkness  
 for a new morning's festival.

ଦିନର କାନ୍ଥ ଗାଢ଼ି ଗାଢ଼ି  
 ମାତ୍ର ନାହିଁ,  
 ଗାଢ଼ି ଗାଢ଼ି ମାତ୍ର ମାତ୍ର  
 ଗାଢ଼ି ଗାଢ଼ି ॥

Let my love feel its strength  
 in the service of day,  
 its peace in the union of night.

ଆଜିର ଦିନ ଗାଢ଼ି ଗାଢ଼ି  
 ଦିନର ଆଜିର ଦିନ  
 ଆଜିର ଦିନ ଗାଢ଼ି ଗାଢ଼ି  
 ଆଜିର ଦିନ ଗାଢ଼ି ॥

Stars of night are the memorials for me  
 of my day's faded flowers.

ਧਰਤੀ 'ਤੇ ਪਾਣੀ, ਧਰਤੀ  
ਨਾ ਸਿਰਫ਼ ਪ੍ਰਾਣੀ ਪ੍ਰਾਣ  
ਭਰਤੀ ਸਾਗਰ ਸਿੰਘਰਾ ਧਰਤੀ  
ਭਰਤੀ-ਧਰਤੀ ॥

Open thy door to that which must go,  
for the door becomes unseemly when  
obstructed.

ਸਾਗਰਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਧਰਤੀ ਸੰਘਰਸ਼  
ਭੀਰ ਨਾ ਤੋੜੇ:  
"ਭੀਰ ਤੇ ਪਾ ਧਰਤੀ ਨਾਲ  
ਭੀਰ ਨਿਰਾਸ਼ਾ ਨਾ ਤੋੜੇ।"

ਸਾਗਰਾਂ ਨਾਲ ਧਰਤੀ-ਸੰਘਰਸ਼  
ਭੀਰ ਨਾਲ ਧਰਤੀ  
ਭੀਰ-ਧਰਤੀ ਸੰਘਰਸ਼  
ਭੀਰ ਨਾਲ ਧਰਤੀ ॥

The shore whispers to the sea:  
"Write to me what thy waves struggles  
to say."

The sea writes in foam again and again  
and wipes off the lines  
in a boisterous despair.

પૂજાના માલક થાં કિંહુ દિન  
કિંહુકાલનરૂ વેન  
રૂતન, રૂમિ અવધ અરે  
કરિયા અરુન ॥

My new love comes bringing to me  
the eternal wealth of the old.

ધિનન નિમીત્તે રૂમી અરિહ  
ઠાંનરૂ સમન અરિ,  
કાલો અર નારે, મુરૂ દુખ ઠાં રમા ॥

The earth gazes at the moon and wonders  
that he should have all his music  
in his smile.

મુરૂ રૂમિ અર નારે નારે અર  
ઠાં અર મુરૂ અરિ કિંહુ અરિ ॥

The centre is still and silent  
in the heart of an eternal dance  
of circles.

ધિનન દીપ મુરૂ અર ઠાં  
નાર દીપ અર નારે ।  
ધોરૂ રૂમિ અર મુરૂ અર ॥

The judge thinks that he is just  
when he compares the oil of another's lamp  
with the light of his own.

ମିତ୍ର ମୁହୂର୍ତ୍ତ ନିମିତ୍ତ ହେଲେ, ତା'ର  
ଆଉ ତା'ର ଚାନ୍ଦିନୀ ।  
ସମାପ୍ତ ଏହି କବିତା ସମ୍ପାଦନା  
କରାଯାଇ ଗଲା ॥

Its store of snow is the hill's own burden,  
its outpouring of streams  
is borne by all the world.

ହାତ-ଧାରୀ ଆତ୍ମ-ଧାରୀ  
ଭାବ-ଧାରୀ  
ତାହା ମୋ ଦେଖିତା ହେଉ  
ମୋ ଦେଖିତା ॥

Let your love see me  
even through the barrier of nearness.

ତୁମେ ମୋ ଦେଖିତା ହେଉ —  
"ମୁଁ ମୋ ଦେଖିତା ॥"

I hear the prayer to the sun  
from the myriad buds in the forest:  
"Open our eyes."



ଜୀବନ ଧାରାରେ ଆବଦ୍ଧ ହୋଇ  
 ଏହିପରି ତୋର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ ଧାରା ।  
 ଆମର ମନର ଚିନ୍ତା ଦିଅ  
 ଦୂର କାନ୍ଦୁ ଧନ୍ୟ ଚାନ୍ଦ ।  
 ମୋର ତୋହାର ଗୋପନ କବି  
 ଚୁପ୍ ଆମର ହୃଦୟ,  
 କେବଳ କେବଳ ଦେଖାନ୍ତି  
 ମୋର ତୋହାର କବିତା ॥

ନିଜର ଏ ଧାରା କବିତା ମୋର  
 ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ମୋର ମନ,  
 କବିତା ତୋହାର ତୋର ମନ  
 ଆମର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଧାରା ॥

ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଧାରା ତୋର ଆମର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର  
 କବିତା କବିତା ତୋର ଧାରା ॥

ଆମର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର ଧାରା ମୋର  
 କବିତା ତୋହାର ଧାରା ।  
 ଧାରା ତୋର କବିତା ତୋର ସ୍ୱପ୍ନ  
 ମୋର କବିତା ତୋର ଧାରା  
 ଜୀବନ ସ୍ୱପ୍ନର କବିତା ॥

ਸਭਾਵ ਪ੍ਰਦੀਪ ਘੋਰ ਗਰਿਹ ਤਾਪਾਵ  
ਰਾਜ ਨਮਸਕਾਰ ॥

ਸਿਸਿਰੇਰ ਮਾਖਾ ਸੱਖਾ ਕਰੇਰ ਤੁਮਾਪ-ਸੁਚਿਤ  
ਸਿਘੋਰ ਸਿਖਾਪ, - ਤੁਮ ਸਿਸਿਰੇਰ ਮਾਖੇਪ-ਸੁਚਿਤ  
ਮੁਖ ਤਾਪ ਹਿਸਿਰੇਰ; ਸਨਿਮਾਲਾ ਰਾਗੇਰੇਰ ਮਾਖ  
ਆਰੇ, ਤੁਮ ਨਾਏ ਮਾਖ, ਸਿਤ ਨਾਏ ਪ੍ਰਤਿਪਾਲ ਮਾਖ ॥

ਸਿਰਾਮ ਪਸਾਰੇ ਸਰਿਪਾਹਿਲਾਪ ਰੇਲਾ  
ਸਿਰੇਰੇਰ ਮਾਖਾਪ ਪ੍ਰਦੀਪ ਰਾਗੇਰ ਰੇਲਾ ॥

ਕਾਂਧ-ਕਰੇਰੇਰ ਮੁਖ ਮਾਖਾਵ ਮਾਖ ਰੇਲਾ -  
ਕਸਰੁ ਆਰੇ ਨਾਏ ਪ੍ਰਤਿਪਾਲ ॥

ਕਸਰੁ ਰਾਖ, ਕਸਰੁ-ਕਸਰੁ  
ਰਾਖ ਕਿ ਕੁਲਿ ?  
ਨਗਰੇਰ ਮਾਖ ਕੁਲਿਪ ਰੇਲਾਤ  
ਤੁਮਾਪ ਕੁਲਿ ॥

ਮਾਖਾ, ਤੁਮ ਆਸਿਰੇਰ ਮਾਖਾ  
ਆਸਿਰੇਰ ਮਾਖ ਮਾਖ ਮੁਖਿ।  
ਮੁਖਿ ਰੇਲਾ ਰੇਲਾ ਰਾਖੀਯ  
ਆਸਿਰੇਰ ਮੁਖਾਵਾ ਕੁਲਿ ॥

ਮਸਿਹਾ ਹੋਂਤੁ ਆਨਿਲ, ਧਮ੍ਮ,  
ਪ੍ਰਭੂਪੁਰ ਆਗਰਮੇ,  
ਮਸਿਹ-ਮੂਖਾ ਸਿਰਿਰ ਪਰ  
ਉਮਾਤੁ ਹਰ ਰਨ ॥

- ਤਲਾ ਹੋਮਰ ਮੈਂਤਿ,  
ਮੀਤ-ਅਰਨਰ ਆਗੀ,  
ਤਲਾ ਪਸਿਰਾ ਪਾਮਾਪੁ ਸਿਰਿਰ ਮਰ।  
ਮੂਰਿਰ ਮਮਰ ਮਮਾ  
ਨਾਮਾ ਵੀਲਿਸਾਰ ਮਮਾ,  
ਰਲਮ, ਮਰੇ ਰਮ ਰਲਮਰ ਅਰਿਰ ਮਰ ॥

ਮਿਸਿਰ-ਮਿਤੁ ਰਨ-ਅਰਿਰ  
ਰਾਮੁਰ ਅਰਿਰ ਰਨ।  
ਲਾਵਿਰ ਮਮਰ ਅਮਾਪੁ ਸਿਰਿਰ  
ਰਲਮ ਰਲਮ ਰਲਮ ਰਨ ॥

ਮਿਸਿਰੁਰ ਅਮਾਪੁ ਲਾਮਿ,  
ਰਨੁ ਰਲਮ ਰਲਮ  
ਮਿਸਿਰੁਰ ਲਾਮਿ ਮੈਂਤਿ  
ਅਰਿਰ ਰਨ ॥

મીઠા મિત્રે જોવારે જાણી નામલે ભાર જમીન  
અમર આદિ જોવારે જાણી ભારે જાણે જાણે ॥

જોવારે આમારે અમારે આદિ  
ભાર જાણે ભારે જાણે ॥  
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ਜਿਹਿ ਪ੍ਰੇਮੀ ਤੇਰੇ  
ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਗ ॥

ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਗ  
ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਗ ਮੇਰੇ ਅੰਗ ॥

ਤੇਰੇ ਅੰਗ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ  
ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ॥

ਭੈਰਵ, "ਮੇਰੇ  
ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ,

ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ  
ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ

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ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ  
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ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ  
ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ਪ੍ਰੇਮ ॥"

હજામા ભલે મારું પ્રજાલેખ ભાવ, —  
મર્યાદા ના રહતે પૂજાપૂજા ભાવિય  
ભલે મારું આરવના ॥

ભાગ્યલે, પ્રિયે, દુઃખ દિવે  
કાનિ તુરૂત કાનિ નિ ।  
મર્યાદા ના રહતે નિ અભિમાનિની ॥

નિનિ, ભાગ્યલે ભેદાદિશર, આપવે ભલે જિન,  
તુરૂત તુરૂત રહે નિ વિદ્યમાનિની ॥

પૂજારે નાગે અભાવે દિનિ નીત  
કાનિ આપા ઉભે !  
પૂજારે પૂજા માર્યુન રહનીત  
વિદ્યમા ભલે રહતે ॥

Leave out my name from the gift  
if it be a burden  
but keep my song.

Memory, the priestess,  
Kills the present  
and offers its heart to the shrine  
of the dead past.

My mind starts up at some flash on the flow  
of its thoughts  
like a brook at a sudden liquid notes  
of its own  
that is never repeated.

In the mountain, stillness surges up  
to explore its own height;  
in the lake movement stands still  
to contemplate its own depth.

The departing night's one kiss  
on the closed eyes of morning  
glows in the star of dawn.

2  
The lonely light of the sky comes through  
the window  
and borrows the music of joy and sadness  
from my life.

Sorrow that has lost its memory  
is like the dumb dark hours  
that have no bird songs  
but only the cricket's chirp.

Bigotry tries <sup>to keep</sup> truth safe in its hand  
with a grip that kills it.

God seeks comrades and claims love,  
the Devil seeks slaves and claims obedience.

The soil in return for her service  
keeps the tree tied to her  
the sky leaves it free.

The immortal, like a jewel,  
does not boast of a large surface in years  
but of a shining point in a moment.

The child ever dwells in the mystery  
of an ageless time  
unobscured by the dust of history.

There is a light laughter in the steps of creation  
that carries it swiftly across time.

When peace is active sweeping its dirt  
it is storm.

The breeze whispers to the lotus:

"What is thy secret?"

"It is myself" says the lotus,  
"steal it and I disappear."

The freedom of the wind and the bondage  
of the stem

join hands in the dance  
of swaying branches.

The jasmine's whispering of love to the sun  
is her flowers.

Gods, tired of paradise, envy man.

The tyrant claims freedom to Kill freedom  
and yet to Keep it for himself.

Unimpassioned benevolence  
insults the taste of the tongue,  
only pitying the stomach's need.

The night's loneliness is maintained  
by the silent multitude of stars.

My heart today smiles at its past night of tears  
like a wet tree glistening in the sun  
after rain is over.

Life's errors cry for the merciful beauty  
that can modulate their isolation  
into a harmony with the whole.

They expect thanks for the banished rest  
because their cage is shapely and secure.

In my love I pay my endless debt to thee  
for what thou art.

The bottom of the pond, from its dark,  
sends up its lyrics in lilies,  
and the sun says, they are good.

Your calumny against the great is infamous,  
it hurts yourself;  
against the small it is mean,  
for it hurts the victim.

The muscle that has a doubt of its wisdom  
throttles the voice that would cry.

Mother with her ancient trees  
points to the sky in endless wonder.

My self's burden is lightened  
when I laugh at myself.

The weak can be terrible  
because he furiously tries to appear strong.

Realism boasts of its burden of sands  
and forgets its loss in the current.

I decorate with futile fancies my idle moments  
and see them float away in the air  
like derelict clouds with their cargo of colors  
drifting from somewhere to no destination.

The Devil's wares are expensive,  
God's gifts are without price.

He owns the world who knows its law,  
he who feels its truth loves it.

Forests, the clouds of earth,  
hold up to the sky their silence,  
and clouds from above come down  
in resonant showers.

The darkness of night, like pain,  
is dumb,  
and darkness of dawn, like peace,  
is silent.

Pride engraves his poems in stores,  
love hides them in flowers.

The obsequious brush cartails truth  
in deference to the canvas which is narrow.

The hill in its longing for the far away sky  
wishes to be like the cloud  
with its endless urge of seeking.

To justify their own spilling of ink  
they spell the day as night.

Profit laughs at goodness  
when the good is profitable.

It is easy to make faces at the sun;  
he is exposed by his own light.

History slowly smothers its truth  
but hastily struggles to revive it  
in the terrible penance of pain.

Blatant Beauty knows to say, "Enough,"  
barbarism clamours for still more.

God loves to see in me not his servant  
but himself who serves all.

The morning lamp on the lamp post  
mockingly challenges the sun  
with the light it has borrowed from him.

I am able to love my God  
because he gives me freedom to deny him.

Wealth is the burden of bigness,  
wellfare the fullness of being.

Between the shores of Me and Thee  
there is the loud ocean, my own surging self,  
which I long to cross.

The right to possess foolishly boasts  
of its right to enjoy.

The rose is a great deal more  
than a blushing apology for its thorn.

To carry the burden of the unknown  
count the cost of its material,  
and never to know that it is for music  
is the tragedy of life's deafness.

The mountain fir keeps hidden  
the memory of its struggle with the storm  
murmuring in its roosting rough  
a hymn of grace

God honoured me with his justice  
when I was rebellious  
he ignored me when I was languid

The man proud of his seat  
thinks that he has the sea  
lashed into his private bow

~~Life~~ Life sends up in the dark of gloom  
its silent hymn of praise to the unknown  
light

True end is not in the reaching<sup>g</sup> the limit  
but in a completion which is limited.

Let thy touch thrill my life's strings  
and make the music thine and mine.

The inner world reared in my life,  
like a fruit matured in sun and shower,  
in joy and sorrow,  
will drop into the darkness of the original soil  
for some further course of creation.

Form is in Matter, rhythm in Force,  
meaning in the Person.

There are seekers of wisdom and seekers  
of wealth,  
but I seek thy company  
so that I may sing.

Like the tree its leaves, I scatter my speech  
on the dust.  
Let my words unuttered flower in thy silence.

My faith in truth, my vision of the perfect,  
help thee, Master, in thy creation.

વિભેદ લાભે અતિથિ પાશુક મધે અનાયોગ્ય કરે,  
 આમારે આકરે હયા અશાંતિ કરે ।  
 ન કનક નાસિ નિશ્ચિત મોરે આંધ્ર મધ્ય ભયે માલ  
 આમારે આકરે યન અરિ કરે માલ ॥

The shade of my tree is for passers by,  
 its fruit for the one for whom I wait.

શરૂ પાડે શરી માલ કરે આકરે માલમાલ  
 યન મૂલે અશુભ વિગાલ ।  
 યન ઉદય નિપાત મધ્યશીર રક્ત ના માર  
 મરે માલે નર અશમાલ ॥

The fire restrained in the tree fashions flowers.  
 Released from bonds, the shameless flame  
 dies in barren ashes.

શરૂ મૂલ્ય-ઉદય નરે નરે  
 આકરે આકરે મધ્યશીર વિલે નરે ॥

The sea smites his own barren breast  
 because he has no flowers to offer to the moon.

ભેદની કાવેશ ભેદ અશુભ નિશ્ચિત  
 ભેદ મધ્ય કરે કરે માલ અરિ વિલે ।  
 To the blind pen the hand that writes is unreal,  
 its writing unmeaning.

ମନ୍ଦ ଧର୍ମ ବିକାର ଯେ ଯଥାର୍ଥରେ ମନେ ।  
 ସର୍ବଦା ଶୁଣି ଶୁଣି ଯେ ଶବ୍ଦର ମଧୁ ଚିନ୍ତେ ।

You ready to blame the bad,  
 too reluctant to praise the good.

ଆମର ଯେ ଆମର ଚିନ୍ତା  
 ଶାନ୍ତିର ବିଷୟ ଚିନ୍ତା,  
 ବିନା ଶାନ୍ତିର ଯେତେ ଚିନ୍ତା

ବିଶେଷ ବିଷୟ ଚିନ୍ତା ॥  
 The sky sets no snare to capture the moon,  
 it is his own freedom which binds him.

ସବୁ ଆଲୋକର ଆଲୋକ ଯେତେ  
 ଯେତେ ବିଶେଷ ଯେତେ ଚିନ୍ତା ବିଷୟ ଚିନ୍ତା ॥

The light that fills the sky  
 seeks its limit in a dewdrop on the grass.

ଯେତେ ଆଲୋକ ବିଶେଷ ଯେତେ ଚିନ୍ତା  
 ଯେତେ ଯେତେ ବିଶେଷ ଯେତେ ଚିନ୍ତା ?

The razor blade is proud of its keenness  
 when it snubs at the sun.

All the delights that I have felt  
in life's fruits and flowers  
let me offer to thee  
at the end of the feast  
in a perfect unity of love.

Some have thought deep  
and explored the meaning of thy truth,  
and they are great;  
I have listened to catch the music of thy play  
and I am glad.

The lotus offers its beauty to the heaven,  
the grass its service to the earth.

The sun's Kiss mellow the miserliness  
of the green fruit clinging to its stem  
into an utter surrender.

Mistakes live in the neighbourhood of truth  
and therefore delude us.

Day with its glare of curiosity  
makes the stars disappear.



Emancipation from the bondage of the soil  
is no freedom <sup>for</sup> ~~from~~ the tree.

The tapestry of life's story is woven  
by the joining and breaking of the threads  
of life's ties.

Those thoughts of mine that soar  
free in the air  
come to perch upon my songs.

My soul tonight loses itself  
in the silent heart of a tree  
standing alone among the whispers  
of immensity.

Pearl shells cast up by the sea  
on death's barren beach —  
a magnificent wastefulness  
of creative life.

My life has its play of colours through thwarted hopes  
and gains incomplete  
like the road that has its music through its gaps.

Let not my thanks to thee rob my silence  
of its fuller homage.

Life's aspiration comes in the guise of a child.

The fruit that I have gained for ever  
is that which has been accepted by love.

In my life's garden my wealth has been  
of shadows and lights  
that are never gathered and stored.

Light is young, the ancient light,  
shadows are of the moment,  
They are born old.

My songs are to sing that I have loved by singing.

Men form constellations with stars that are their  
own stories ~~arising~~  
grown from the fiery mist of their passions,  
power and dreams,  
edging into living spheres.

এক এক সূর্যযাত্র নাই একমুখ,  
দুই কণা দিলে হয় একই আশ্রয় ॥

The one without second is emptiness,  
The other one makes it true.

প্রভাদে মায়া যদি একই জাহত তব,  
অন্য আশ্রিতে লাল ভেদবুদ্ধি হবে।

Try to break the difference and it is multiplied.  
By acknowledging it unity is gained.

মৃত্যু একই এক, প্রাণবীৰ্য্য নান্য,  
দেহা মনোহা হবে একই একমাত্র।

The spirit of death is one, the spirit of life  
is many.

When God is dead religion becomes one.

অঁধার একই দেখে একাকার ব'লে,  
আলোক একই দেখে নানাদিক ব'লে ॥

Darkness smothers the one into uniformity.  
Light reveals the one in its multifariousness.

কোন দেখিবার পোয়া যতই থাকে ব'লে  
সেই এখন কঁাখে দেখে, আলো/বহন নহে ॥

અસાધ્ય રાજ્ય તપાસ આપનાર મહારાજ,  
મિત્રો મુક્તિ તપાસ મિત્રો મુક્તિ ॥

પ્રાણેશ મુક્તિ દાન મુખ્ય કાર્ય દાન,  
પ્રાણ દિપ્તિ નાથિ કાર્ય પાદ મુખ્યદાન ॥

દમ એવા નાઈ એવા મુક્તિ કિંહુ લેખક,  
મુક્તિ દાન એવા મુક્તિ કાંઈએનાઈ લેખક ॥

મુક્તિ પાદેશ દેશિ મુક્તિ આપિ દાન,  
કાર્ય નાથ મુક્તિ કાર્ય મુક્તિ ॥

આપિ આપનાર દેશ મુક્તિ મુક્તિ દાન  
મિત્રો મિત્રો કાર્ય નાથ કાર્ય દાન ॥

પ્રાણેશ મુક્તિ દાન મુક્તિ મુક્તિ મુક્તિ  
મુક્તિ મુક્તિ દાન દાન દાન દાન મુક્તિ ॥

મુક્તિ દાન દાન દાન દાન મિત્રો મિત્રો  
મુક્તિ દાન દાન દાન મિત્રો મિત્રો ॥

મુક્તિ દાન દાન, મુક્તિ મુક્તિ મિત્રો મિત્રો,  
મુક્તિ દાન મિત્રો મિત્રો મિત્રો મિત્રો ॥

লেখন বাংলা ১৩৩৩ সনে যুরোপে মুদ্রিত ও ১৩৩৪ সালে এ দেশে গ্রন্থাকারে প্রকাশিত হয়। এই গ্রন্থ সম্বন্ধে রবীন্দ্রনাথ প্রবাসীতে যে প্রবন্ধ প্রকাশ করেন তাহা এ স্থলে সংকলিত হইল।—

### ‘লেখন’

যখন চীনে জাপানে গিয়েছিলেম প্রায় প্রতিদিনই স্বাক্ষরলিপির দাবি মেটাতে হত। কাগজে, রেশমের কাপড়ে, পাখায় অনেক লিখতে হয়েছে। সেখানে তারা আমার বাংলা লেখাই চেয়েছিল, কারণ বাংলাতে এক দিকে আমার, আবার আর-এক দিকে সমস্ত বাঙালী জাতিরই স্বাক্ষর। এমনি করে যখন-তখন পথে-ঘাটে যেখানে-সেখানে দু-চার লাইন কবিতা লেখা আমার অভ্যাস হয়ে গিয়েছিল। এই লেখাতে আমি আনন্দও পেতুম। দু-চারটি বাক্যের মধ্যে এক-একটি ভাবকে নিবিষ্ট করে দিয়ে তার-যে-একটি বাহুল্যবর্জিত রূপ প্রকাশ পেত তা আমার কাছে বড়ো লেখার চেয়ে অনেক সময় আরো বেশি আদর পেয়েছে। আমার নিজের বিশ্বাস বড়ো বড়ো কবিতা পড়া আমাদের অভ্যাস বলেই কবিতার আয়তন কম হলে তাকে কবিতা বলে উপলব্ধি করতে আমাদের বাধে। অতিভোজনে যারা অভ্যস্ত, জঠরের সমস্ত জায়গাটা বোঝাই না হলে আহারের আনন্দ তাদের অসম্পূর্ণ থাকে; আহার্যের শ্রেষ্ঠতা তাদের কাছে ঝটো হয়ে যায় আহারের পরিমাণ পরিমিত হওয়াতেই। আমাদের দেশে পাঠকদের মধ্যে আয়তনের উপাসক অনেক আছে— সাহিত্য সম্বন্ধেও তারা বলে : নাহলে সুখমস্তি। নাট্য সম্বন্ধেও তারা রাত্রি তিনটে পর্যন্ত অভিনয় দেখার দ্বারা টিকিট কেনার সার্থকতা বিচার করে।

জাপানে ছোটো কাব্যের অমর্যাদা একেবারেই নেই। ছোটোর মধ্যে বড়োকে দেখতে পাওয়ার সাধনা তাদের— কেননা, তারা জাত-আর্টিস্ট। সৌন্দর্য-বস্তুকে তারা গজের মাপে বা সেরের ওজনে হিসাব করবার কথা মনেই করতে পারে না। সেই জন্যে জাপানে যখন আমার কাছে কেউ কবিতা দাবি করেছে, দুটি-চারটি লাইন দিতে আমি কুণ্ঠিত হই নি। তার কিছুকাল পূর্বেই আমি যখন বাংলাদেশে গীতাঞ্জলি প্রভৃতি গান লিখছিলুম, তখন আমার অনেক পাঠকই লাইন গণনা করে আমার শক্তির কার্পণ্যে হতাশ হয়েছিলেন— এখনো সে দলের লোকের অভাব নেই।

এইরকম ছোটো ছোটো লেখার একবার আমার কলম যখন রস পেতে লাগল তখন আমি অনুরোধ নিরপেক্ষ হয়েও খাতা টেনে নিয়ে আপন মনে যা-তা লিখেছি এবং সেই সঙ্গে পাঠকদের মন ঠাণ্ডা করবার জন্যে বিনয় করে বলেছি—

আমার লিখন কুটে পথধারে

কপেক কালের কুলে,

চলিতে চলিতে দেখে যারা তারে

চলিতে চলিতে হুলে।

কিন্তু ভেবে দেখতে গেলে এটা ক্ষণিক কালের ফুলের দোষ নয়, চলতে চলতে দেখারই দোষ। যে জিনিষটা বহরে বড়ো নয় তাকে আমরা দাঁড়িয়ে দেখি নে, যদি দেখতুম তবে মেঠো ফুল দেখে খুশি হলেও নজ্জার কারণ থাকত না। তার চেয়ে কুমড়োফুল যে রূপে শ্রেষ্ঠ তা নাও হতে পারে।

গেলবারে যখন ইটালিতে গিয়েছিলুম, তখন স্বাক্ষরলিপি খাতায় অনেক লিখতে হয়েছিল। লেখা যাঁরা চেয়েছিলেন তাঁদের অনেকেরই ছিল ইংরেজি লেখারই দাবি। এবারেও লিখতে লিখতে কতক তাঁদের খাতায় কতক আমার নিজের খাতায় অনেকগুলি ওইরকম ছোটো ছোটো লেখা জমা হয়ে উঠল। ওইরকম অনেক সময়ই অনুরোধের খাতিরে লেখা শুরু হয়, তার পরে বেশ ক'চেপে গেলে আর অনুরোধের দরকার থাকে না।

জার্মানিতে গিয়ে দেখা গেল, এক উপায় বেরিয়েছে তাতে হাতের অক্ষর থেকেই ছাপানো চলে। বিশেষ কালী দিয়ে লিখতে হয় এলুমিনিয়ামের পাতের উপরে, তার থেকে বিশেষ ছাপার যন্ত্রে ছাপিয়ে নিলেই কম্পোজিটারের শরণাপন্ন হবার দরকার হয় না।

তখন ভাবলেম, ছোটো লেখাকে যাঁরা সাহিত্য হিসাবে অনাদর করেন তাঁরা কবির স্বাক্ষর হিসাবে হয়তো সেগুলোকে গ্রহণ করতেও পারেন। তখন শরীর যথেষ্ট অসুস্থ, সেই কারণে সময় যথেষ্ট হাতে ছিল, সেই সুযোগে ইংরেজি বাংলা এই ছটকো লেখাগুলি এলুমিনিয়াম পাতের উপর লিপিবদ্ধ করতে বসলুম।

ইতিমধ্যে ঘটনাক্রমে আমার কোনো তরুণ বন্ধু বললেন, ‘আপনার কিছুকাল পূর্বকার লেখা কয়েকটি ছোটো ছোটো কবিতা আছে। সেইগুলিকে এই উপলক্ষে যাতে রক্ষা করা হয় এই আমার একান্ত অনুরোধ।’

আমার ভোলবার শক্তি অসামান্য এবং নিজের পূর্বের লেখার প্রতি প্রায়ই আমার মনে একটা অহেতুক বিরাগ জন্মায়। এই জন্যই তরুণ লেখকরা সাহিত্যিক পদবী থেকে আমাকে যখন বরখাস্ত করবার জন্যে কানাকানি করতে থাকেন তখন আমার মন আমাকে পরামর্শ দেয় যে, ‘আগেভাগে নিজেই তুমি মানে মানে রেজিগনেশন-পত্র পাঠিয়ে যৎসামান্য কিছু পেন্সনের দাবি রেখে দাও।’ এটা যে সম্ভব হয় তার কারণ আমার পূর্বকার লেখাগুলো আমি যে পরিমাণে ভুলি সেই পরিমাণেই মনে হয় তারা ভোলবারই যোগ্য।

তাই প্রস্তুত হয়েছিলেম, আমার বন্ধু পুরোনো ইতিহাসের ক্ষেত্র থেকে উদ্ধৃত্তরূপে যা-কিছু সংগ্রহ করে আনবেন আবার তাদেরকে পুরোনোর তমিষ্রলোকে বৈতরণী পার করে ফেরত পাঠাব।

গুটিপাঁচেক ছোটো কবিতা তিনি আমার সম্মুখে উপস্থিত করলেন। আমি বললেম ‘কিছুতেই মনে পড়বে না এগুলি আমার লেখা’, তিনি জোর করেই বললেন, ‘কোনো সংশয় নেই।’

আমার রচনা সম্বন্ধে আমার নিজের সাক্ষ্যকে সর্বদাই অবজ্ঞা করা হয়। আমার পানে আমি সুর দিয়ে থাকি। যাকে হাতের কাছে পাই তাকে সেই সদ্যোজাত সুর শিখিয়ে

সেই তখন থেকে সে গানের সুরগুলি সম্বন্ধে সম্পূর্ণ দায়িত্ব আমার ছাত্রের। তার পর আমি যদি গাইতে যাই তারা এ কথা বলতে সংকোচমাত্র করে না যে, আমি ভুল করছি। এ সম্বন্ধে তাদের শাসন আমাকে বারবার স্বীকার করে নিতে হয়।

কবিতা কয়টি যে আমারই সেও আমি স্বীকার করে নিলেম। পড়ে বিশেষ তৃপ্তি বোধ হল— মনে হল ভালোই লিখেছি। বিশ্বরণশক্তির প্রবলতা-বশত নিজের কবিতা থেকে নিজের মন যখন দূরে সরে যায় তখন সেই কবিতাকে অপর সাধারণ পাঠকের মতোই নিরাসক্তভাবে আমি প্রশংসা এবং নিন্দাও করে থাকি। নিজের পুরোনো লেখা নিয়ে বিষ্ময় বোধ করতে বা স্বীকার করতে আমার সংকোচ হয় না— কেননা, তার সম্বন্ধে আমার অহমিকার ধার ক্ষয় হয়ে যায়। পড়ে দেখলাম—

তো তুমি ভুলিতে মোর হল না যে মতি,  
এ জগতে কারো তাহে নাই কোনো ক্ষতি।  
আমি তাহে দীন নাহি, তুমি নহ স্বর্গী,  
দেবতার অংশ তাও পাইবেন তিনি।

নিজের লেখা জেনেও আমাকে স্বীকার করতে হল যে, ছোটোর মধ্যে এই কবিতাটি সম্পূর্ণ ভরে উঠেছে। পেটুকচিস্ত পাঠকের পেট ভরাবার জন্যে একে পঁচিশ-ত্রিশ লাইন পর্যন্ত বাড়িয়ে তোলা যেতে পারত— এমন-কি, একে বড়ো আকারে লেখাই এর চেয়ে হত সহজ। কিন্তু লোভে পড়ে একে বাড়াতে গেলেই একে কমানো হত। তাই নিজের অনুরূপ কবিত্ববুদ্ধির প্রশংসাই করলেম।

তার পরে আর-একটা কবিতা—

ভোর হতে নীলাকাশ ঢাকে কালো মেঘে,  
ভিজে ভিজে এলোমেলো বায়ু বহে বেগে।  
কিছুই নাহি যে হাওয়া বৃকের কাছে—  
যা-কিছু আকাশে আর বাতাসেতে আছে।

আবার বললেম, শাবাশ! হৃদয়ের ভিতরকার শূন্যতা বাইরের আকাশ-বাতাস পরিপূর্ণ করে হাহাকার করে উঠেছে এ কথাটা এত সহজে এমন সম্পূর্ণ করে বাংলা সহিত্যে আর কে বলেছে? ওর উপরে আর একটি কথাও যোগ করবার জো নেই। ক্ষীণদৃষ্টি পাঠক এতটুকু ছোটো কবিতার সৌন্দর্য দেখতে পাবে না জেনেও আমি যে নিজের লেখনীকে সংযত করেছিলাম এজন্যে নিজেকে মনে মনে বলতে হল, ধন্য!

তার পরে আর-একটি কবিতা—

আকাশে গহন মেঘে গলীর গর্জন,  
শ্রাবণের ধারা পাতে প্রাবিত ভুবন।

কেন এতটুকু নামে সোহাগের ভরে  
ডাকিলে আমারে তুমি? পূর্ণ নাম ধরে  
আজি ডাকিবার দিন, এহেন সময়  
শরম সোহাগ হাসি কৌতুকেব নয়।  
আঁধার অন্ধর পৃথ্বী পথচিহ্নহীন,  
এল চিরজীবনের পরিচয়-দিন।

‘মানসী’ লেখবার যুগে— সে আভকের কথা নয়— এই ভাবের দুই একটা  
কবিতা লিখেছিলেন বলে মনে পড়ে। কিন্তু কোন্ অগ্নিমসিদ্ধি দ্বারা ভাবটি তনু আকারেই  
সম্পূর্ণ হয়ে প্রকাশ পেয়েছে!

আর-একটি ছোটো কবিতা—

ঘড়, তুমি দিবেছ যে ভার  
যদি তাহা মাথা হতে  
এই জীবনের গায়ে  
নামাইয়া রাখি বার বার  
জেনো তা বিদ্রোহ নয়,  
ক্ষীণ শাস্ত্র এ হৃদয়,  
বলহীন পবান আমার।

লেখটি একেবারেই নিরাভরণ বলেই এর ভিতরকার বেদনা যেন বৃষ্টিক্রান্ত  
জুইফুলের মতো ফুটে উঠেছে।

আমি বিশেষ তৃপ্তি এবং গর্বের সঙ্গেই এই কবিতা কয়টি এলুমিনিয়ামের পাতের  
উপর স্বহস্তে নকল করে নিলেম। যথাসময়ে আমার অন্যান্য কবিতিকার সঙ্গে এ-কয়টিও  
আমার লেখন-নামধারী গ্রন্থে প্রকাশিত হয়ে গেল।

আজ প্রায় মাস-খানেক পূর্বে কল্যাণীয়া শ্রীমতী প্রিয়দাদেবীর কাছে ‘লেখন’  
একখণ্ড পাঠিয়ে দিয়েছিলেন। তিনি যে পত্র লিখেছেন সেটা উদ্ধৃত করে দিই—

‘লেখন’ পড়লাম। এর কতকগুলি ছোটো ছোটো কবিতা বড়ো চমৎকার—  
দু-চার ছত্রে সম্পূর্ণ। কিন্তু যেন এক-একটি সুসংস্কৃত মণি, আলো ঠিকরে পড়ছে। লেখনে  
দেখলাম ২৩ এর পৃষ্ঠায় আমার চারটি কবিতা সম্পূর্ণ গেছে, আর একটির প্রথম দু  
লাইন।’ যথা—

১. তোমারে তুলিতে মোর হল নাকো মতি
২. ভোর হতে নীলাকাশ ঢাকা ঘন মেঘে

৩. আকাশে গহন মেঘে গভীর গর্জন

৪. প্রভু তুমি দিয়েছ বে ভার

৫. ওধু এইটুকু সুখ অতি সুকুমার (প্রথম দু লাইন)<sup>১</sup>

সবগুলিই 'পত্রলেখা'য় ছাপা হয়ে গিয়েছে, ১৯০৮ সালে। তবে এ নিয়ে আর কাউকে যেন কিছু বলেবেন না।

তখন আমার মনে পড়ল যখন 'পত্রলেখা'র পাণ্ডুলিপি প্রথম আমি পড়ে দেখি তখন প্রিয়স্বদার বিরলভূষণ বাহুল্যবর্জিত কবিতার আমি যথেষ্ট সাধুবাদ দিয়েছি। বোধ করি, সেই কারণেই কবিতাগুলি যথোচিত সম্মান লাভ করে নি। অন্তত 'পত্রলেখা'র কয়েকটি কবিতা সম্বন্ধে আমার ভ্রাতৃত্বকে<sup>২</sup> নিজের হাতের অক্ষ 'গ্রামার আপন রচনার মধ্যে স্থান দিয়ে তাঁর কবিতার প্রতি সমাদর প্রকাশ করতে পেরেছি বলে খুশি হলেম।

—রবীন্দ্রনাথ ঠাকুর। প্রবাসী, কার্তিক ১৩৩৫

### অশ্বশতবর্ষে 'লেখন' বিশ্বভারতীর সংস্করণে বিশ্বভারতীর গ্রন্থবিভাগের প্রসঙ্গকথা

এই প্রসঙ্গে এ কথা উল্লেখ করা যাইতে পারে যে, বস্তুতঃ 'চীনে জাপানে' 'এই লেখনগুলি শুরু' হয় নাই, চীনে জাপানে যাইবার পূর্বেঃ কবিকে 'স্বাক্ষরলিপির দাবি' বহুবার মিটাইতে হইয়াছে, তাহা ছাড়া লেখনের সব কবিতাই এইরূপ অন্যের দাবির বশে রচিত হয় নাই। লেখনের শেষাংশে, 'একা একা শূন্যমাত্র নাই অবলম্ব' হইতে শেষ পর্যন্ত, অধিকাংশ কবিতা ১৯১২-১৩ সালে বিদেশভ্রমণের সময় জাহাজে, আরোগ্যশালায়, নানা স্থানে রচিত। এই কবিতাগুলি 'দ্বিপদী' নামে ১৩২০ সালের প্রবাসীতে মুদ্রিত।

১৩৩৪ সালে লেখন প্রকাশিত হইবার পরেও, উহার অনেকগুলি খুচরা পৃষ্ঠা উদ্ভূত থাকে। রবীন্দ্রনাথের হস্তাক্ষরে মুদ্রিত গ্রন্থ অসম্পূর্ণ হইলেও আদরনীয় হইবে মনে করিয়া, ১৩৫৮ সালের ৭ই পৌষে শান্তিনিকেতন বিদ্যালয়ের পঞ্চাশদ্বর্ষপূর্তি উৎসব উপলক্ষে অসম্পূর্ণ লেখনের ঐরূপ কতকগুলি কপি পুনঃপ্রচারিত হয়।

রবীন্দ্রশতবর্ষপূর্তি উৎসব উপলক্ষে বর্তমানে লেখন গ্রন্থের এই নূতন সংস্করণ প্রকাশিত হইল। কলিকাতা স্কুল অব প্রিন্টিং টেকনোলজির কর্তৃপক্ষ অনুগ্রহপূর্বক বিনামূল্যে এই গ্রন্থের প্রতিলিপি প্রস্তুত ও মুদ্রণের ব্যবস্থা করিয়া দিয়াছেন, তাহারই ফলে সুলভ মূল্যে এই সংস্করণ প্রচার করা সম্ভবপর হইল; এই আনুকূল্য ও সহযোগিতার জন্য বিশ্বভারতী উক্ত বিদ্যালয়ের কর্তৃপক্ষ, ছাত্রবৃন্দ ও শিক্ষকগণের নিকট কৃতজ্ঞ।

<sup>১</sup>এই পাঁচটি কবিতাই রবীন্দ্ররচনাবলীর চতুর্দশ খণ্ডে সংকলিত 'লেখন' এবং

লেখন কাব্যের বর্তমান সংস্করণ ইহাতে বর্জিত। কবিতা-কয়টি ১৩০৯ সনের বঙ্গদর্শনে লেখক বা লেখিকার নাম বাদ দিয়াই মুদ্রিত হয়।

‘প্রিয়দাদেবীর পত্রলেখা কাব্যের (পৃ ৬১) ‘বিসর্জন’ কবিতা—

এতটুকু ফণিকের সুখ সুকুমার  
ভারি তরে কি আগ্রহ কত হাহাকার ?  
সকলি গিয়াছে চলে, অত টুকু হার  
অবোধ শিশুর মত রেখনা লুকাই  
প্রাণপণে কীপবল মূঠির ভিতরে—  
হাত খুলে সমুখেতে দাও তুলে ধরে  
নিষ্ঠুর নিয়তি ধীরে প্রশান্ত হৃদয়ে  
সর্ব অবশেষ টুকু যাক কেড়ে লয়ে।

রবীন্দ্রনাথ-সম্পাদিত ১৩০৯ আশ্বিন বঙ্গদর্শন পত্রে (পৃ ৩২৫) মুদ্রিত, উহার রূপান্তরিত পাঠ—

ওধু এইটুকু সুখ, অতি সুকুমার,  
ভারি তরে কি আগ্রহ, কত হাহাকার।  
সকলি গেছে ত চলে, এইটুকু বাকি,  
অবোধ শিশুর মত রাবিষো না ঢাকি’।  
স্থির হয়ে সহ্য কর পরিপূর্ণ ক্ষতি,  
শেষটুকু নিয়ে যাক নিষ্ঠুর নিয়তি।

লেখন কাব্যের অন্য ধাতুপত্রে অনুলেখন-সময়ে বঙ্গদর্শনে-মুদ্রিত ‘বিসর্জন’ কবিতারও মাঝের দুটি ছত্র ত্যাগ করা হয়, ইহা ছাড়া ‘কি’ স্থানে ‘কী’, ‘কর’ স্থানে ‘করো’ প্রভৃতি আক্ষরিক পরিবর্তনও ছিল ইহা বলাই বাহুল্য।

প্রসঙ্গক্রমে বলা চলে, পত্রলেখা ও লেখনের তুলনা করিলে বর্তমান তালিকার প্রথম, তৃতীয় এবং চতুর্থ কবিতার পরিবর্তন অতি অল্পই দেখা যায়; কিন্তু পঞ্চম কবিতার ন্যায় বিশেষভাবে পরিবর্তিত হয় দ্বিতীয় কবিতাটি, পত্রলেখার ছয়-ছত্র ইহাতে (পৃ ১৯) বঙ্গদর্শনে (কার্তিক ১৩০৯) বা লেখনে মাঝের দুইটি ছত্র বর্জিত।

\* ভ্রান্তিতে?

\*\*প্রথম সুরঞ্জনা প্রকাশনীর সংস্করণে বিশ্বজারতীর রবীন্দ্রজন্মশতবার্ষিক সংস্করণকেই অনুসরণ করা হয়।

—প্রকাশিকা

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